

THE SACRED HEART OF MARY

Nihil obstat

Michael Hickey, S.T.D

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Miscellanea.

Readers of The Cross are, no doubt, looking forward

Canonization of Blessed Gabriel Passionist.

with happy expectancy to an event which appeals to them in a special manner, and is one dear to their hearts, viz.: the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel Possenti, Passionist,

in May next. The wondrous miracles that have been wrought through the intercession of this servant of God, and the example of holiness that he has given, especially to youth, will ever be told in memory of him. We understand that a new life of Blessed Gabriel is in course of preparation by a Passionist Father, and its appearance will probably synchronise with the canonization ceremony.

We would wish to enlist the co-operation of our readers in furthering the aims of the

Good Literature Crusade.

Irish Vigilance Association in the promotion of good literature and the suppression of the evil of bad literature in this country. An effort is

is being made towards enrolling members who promise to encourage healthy reading by the distribution of books, magazines and newspapers, and to prevent as far as possible the sale of objectionable publications. A bi-lingual artistic card of membership has been issued, which should be secured by all who desire the preservation of our people from evil influence, which threatens both Faith and morals. The study of the Gaelic Language and literature is an excellent antidote against the moral poison conveyed in objectionable literature imported into Ireland, and the progress made in this direction has helped in great measure to counteract the demoralizing influence of the tainted publications that, unfortunately, find a market in our midst. Priests, members of religious communities and all desirous of helping in this praiseworthy work are requested to communicate with the Literature Crusade Committee, Irish Vigilance Association, 39 North Great George's Street, Dublin.

WE are so accustomed to think of the Archangel

St. Michael The Healer.

Michael as the Patron of Armies, or, as the Greek Liturgy styles him, "the highest general," that we are more or less apt to ignore his position as peacemaker and healer. Yet, in

early Christian times it was the martyrs who were usually selected as military patrons, while the care of the sick and wounded was confided to St. Michael. St. George, St. Theodore, St. Demetrius, St. Sergius, St. Procopius, St. Mercurius and others, were all military patrons, while, for instance, at Phrygia, where St. Michael was first venerated, his prestige as angelic healer appears to have obscured his interposition in military matters.

An ancient tradition tells us that St. Michael caused a medical spring to spout at Chairotopa, near Colossæ,

and that all the sick who bathed there, invoking the Blessed Trinity and St. Michael, were cured. Springs also sprang, at the bidding of St. Michael, from a rock at Colossæ, the present Khonas on the Lycus. Enraged at the many miraculous cures that followed, the pagans of that day determined to destroy the sanctuary of St. Michael, and, with this intention, directed a stream against it. But the archangel defeated their malicious design by causing lightning to strike the rock so as to split it and thus give a new bed to the miraculous stream. This miracle is said to have occurred about the middle of the first century, and it is commemorated in the Greek Church on the 6th of September. The hot springs at Pythia, in Bithynia, and elsewhere in Asia, were all, or nearly all, dedicated to St. Michael. But his principal sanctuary as the angelic healer was the Michaelion, at Sosthenion, some fifty miles south of Constantinople. It was here that St. Michael is said to have favoured the Emperor Constantine with a vision, kept in the East on the 9th of June. Sick people, hoping to be restored to health, used to sleep all night in this church in expectation of a manifestation of the compassionate archangel. Within the walls of the city, at the thermal baths of the Emperor Arcadius, there was another famous church, also dedicated to St. Michael the Healer. It was here that the Synaxis of the great archangel was celebrated on the 8th of November, which date is still his principal feast in the Orient. Indeed, St. Michael might well be called the saint of many festivals, for it is doubtful if there is any other saint, or angel, who has so large a number. At Constantinople alone, besides the dates already mentioned, the 27th of October, the 18th of June and the 10th of December were sacred to him.

The Christians of Egypt placed their life-giving river, the Nile, under the protection of St. Michael. Besides keeping the 12th of November holy in his honour, they also consecrate the twelfth day of every month to him. Moreover, and from point of view of symbolism alone, the idea is very beautiful, they have a special commemoration of St. Michael on the 12th of June, on which date the Nile begins to rise. That day is kept as a holiday of obligation and is consecrated

to Michael, to whom so many miraculous waters owe their origin. In Rome, too, St. Michael is honoured as the celestial healer. When Pope St. Gregory ordered a public procession to obtain from heaven the cessation of the plague that was then desolating the city, St. Michael appeared over the Moles Hadriani (Castel di S. Angelo) and the pestilence ceased. A church of St. Michael was erected on the spot above which he had been seen.

* * * *

We would do well to remember that the Archangel is as powerful in peace as he is in war. If he can help us in the day of battle, he can also heal our wounds when the fight is done. Never since the world began was celestial aid more needed to staunch the myriad gaping wounds that, whether in the literal or figurative sense of the word, are now waiting to be healed; never in the history of mankind was there more need for a heavenly physician than there is now; and never was the divine balsam for all who suffer and are heavy laden more wanted than at this hour. May St. Michael, God's own appointed healer of the ills of suffering humanity, be with us still!

It is just one hundred years ago since the first trans-

The Lighthouse of the Atlantic.

atlantic steamship voyage was brought to a successful conclusion. The "Savannah," starting from the American city of that name, sailed round the south coast of Ire-

land, and thence to Liverpool, which it reached on the 22nd of June. The first successful transatlantic air flight has also been from America to Ireland, and, as a recent issue of La Croix de l'Europe assures us, the New World regards the Emerald Isle as the connecting link between it and the Old. Americans, says this paper, recognise Ireland as "the harbour pier of Europe," and it sees no reason why, granted self-determination, and with the power to work out her own destiny, she should not be "the Lighthouse of the Atlantic."

The Temporal Power not Obsolete.

By REV. H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.

" Quæ dedit princeps, dabit ipsa semper Roma salutem." (Office of S.S. Cyril and Methodius).

I T seems to be commonly assumed, even by Catholics, that the Temporal Power of the Holy See is a thing of the past, for which some substitute must be found, no restoration being possible. Has not this

assumption been made too hastily?

We may be glad, indeed, that such scandalous opinions as those of the late Lord Acton (and his very vicious "Circle") are now seldom put forward. The need of some reparation is generally admitted by Catholics. Few now condone, as did even Justin McCarthy,* the crime of 20th September, 1870. Dear is compromise to the Anglo-Saxon mind! We find Mrs. Craven, Anglis ipsis Anglior, writing from Naples on December 1, 1860:

"Yet I will not conceal from you, as generally I do from others, that, perceiving the moral force of these plebiscites, which one after the other lead all the Italian cities towards junction in one great kingdom, I cannot shut out the hope that Rome may at last become the gran rifuto of her lost provinces, which would so greatly increase the spiritual power of the Papacy."†

In answer to such delusions we may quote one who was certainly not an extreme Ultramontane, Bishop

Dupanloup, (Sept. 30, 1859):

"People say that to touch the sovereign is not to touch the Pontiff. Certainly, his temporal power is not a divine institution; who does not know that? But it is a providential institution; and who is ignorant of the fact? Doubtless through three centuries the Popes only possessed independence enough to die martyrs; but surely they had a right to another sort of independence, and Providence, which does not always use miracles for its purpose, ended by founding on the most

^{*} Pope Leo XIII. (1896), 242.

[†] In her Life, by Mrs. Bishop (ed. 3), p. 162. This proposition is condemned by the Syllabus, lxxvi.

lawful sovereignty in Europe the freedom, the indepen-

dence necessary to the Church.

"History proves it beyond the probability of denial; all eminent intellects have confessed it, all true statesmen know it . . . Yes; that the Church may be free, the Pope must be free and independent.

"That independence must be sovereign.

"The Pope must be free, and he must be evidently

"The Pope must be free in his own interior as well

as in his exterior government.

"This must be so for the sake of his own dignity in the government of the Church, as well as for the security of our own consciences: this must be so in order to secure the common parent of all the faithful that neutrality which is indispensable to him amid the frequent wars beween Christian powers. The Pope must not only be free in his own conscience, in his own interior, but it must be evident to all that he is so . . .

"You say he will only lose the Romagna and the Legations. But allow me to ask by what right you take them? And why not take all the rest, if you please? . . . Why have you not made up your minds to take everything outside Rome with the Garden of the Vatican? You have said this, you know. But why leave him even Rome? . . . Why should not Diocletian and the Catacombs be the best of all governments for the Church? Where are you going? How far will your detestable principles lead you?" (In B. O'Reilly's Life of Pius IX, 11th ed., ch. xxix,

pp. 360-2).

This forecast, we know, was fulfilled, yet the Secret Societies will never be satisfied while even the Vatican remains to the Vicar of Christ. Spoliation was no half measure. How then shall it be reversed or atoned for by any tinkering compromise? No one proposed that Germany should give back to Belgium a part of her territory! But the crime of September, 1870, was far greater than that of August, 1914, and is aggravated by the shameful clause XV of a shameful Secret Treaty. Catholics, at least, ought to be guided by something higher than Allied expediency. "A ton for a ton" in British merchant shipping, but —a field or two for the Sovereign Pontiff. The

Tablet of January 11, 1919, suggested that with this "sufficient space for exercise and recreation," and the Kingdom of Italy appointed by the League of Nations, to "the honourable office of Protector or Guardian (sic!) of the property of the Holy See"—and of its occupant—"the Holy See would be found ready to renounce all claim to the rest of the City of Rome, and formally acknowledge it as the capital of United Italy, and so indirectly to forgo any claim to the old Temporal Power as it existed before the breach of the Porta Pia." For this remarkable suggestion the Tablet failed to give any authority. More than that, it flatly contradicts the recorded utterances of the Popes themselves. "All the acts of the rebels and invaders, already accomplished or yet to be accomplished for the confirming of this usurpation in any way, are by us, from this moment, condemned, annulled, quashed, abrogated... Quæ autem conventio Avisti ad Belial? . . We announce and declare, in a public and open manner, that, faithful to our office and the solemn oath which binds us, we neither consent nor will consent to any conciliation which in any manner diminishes our rights, which are the rights of God and the Holy See" (Pius IX, Encycl. 1 Nov., 1870). Sixty-one years before Napoleon's General, Radet, received the same answer from Pius VII:

"If you think yourself obliged to execute these orders of your Emperor because of your oath of fidelity and obedience to him, consider how much more we ought to defend the right of the Holy See, to which so many oaths bind us. We cannot give up what is not ours. The Temporal Power, of which we are only the administrators, belongs to the Church. The Emperor may tear us to pieces, but he will not succeed." (6 July, 1809.) (Mary H. Allies. Pius VII, ch. ix,

(1897) p. 155.

The rights of God, Catholics at least believe, are not

a matter of diplomatic auction or barter!

Not less emphatic is Leo XIII. As Bishop of Perugia he gave a lucid refutation of all the sophistries opposed to the Temporal Power, sophistries which he first stated more clearly than their authors had done. Unfortunately it is too long to quote. A great part of it is given in Bernard O'Reilly's Life of Leo XIII

(1887), pp. 199-206. One paragraph is specially rele-

vant to-day:

"On the one hand people are more earnest in their endeavours to persuade you that this 'temporal dominion' has nothing whatever to do with the real interests of Catholicism; and . . . on the other, there are very many persons who, either on account of their simplicity of character, or their lack of knowledge, or their weakness of intellect, do not even suspect the existence of the wicked purpose which is concealed from their eyes with such a criminal skilfulness. 'There is no question here of religion,' they say; 'we want religion to be respected. But the Pope must be satisfied with the spiritual government of souls; he has no need of a temporal sovereignty. Temporal power turns away the mind to worldly cares; it is injurious to the Church, opposed to the Gospel, and unlawful'—with many other assertions of this kind, of which it is hard to say whether they are more insulting than hypocritical" (Ibid, p. 200). Again: "Here, then, is what they are aiming at by taking from the Pope his temporal power: they mean to render it impossible for him to exercise his spiritual power." As Pope he declared: "We cannot at present remain in Rome except as prisoner in the Vatican."* And on 20th September, 1895: "Nothing can ever confer true independence on the Papacy so long as it has no temporal jurisdiction" (p. 245). Even Döllinger admits this:

1. When the Pope defends his temporal sovereignty against the attacks of exterior malice and love of

annexation, he fights for a most lawful cause.

2. The cause of the Pope is the cause of all lawful sovereignties, and of the public law, peace, and order

of Europe.

3. Moreover, the Church requires an absolutely independent head. The Pope cannot be the subject of any one sovereign or government; the good and the unity of the Church require him therefore to be a sovereign. Nor can this sovereignty be a mere title; it must be a real thing founded on a solid base of fact. He must, therefore, have his own territory, with sovereign rights over it; and if he is despoiled of it, then the maintenance and restoration of his temporal

sovereignty becomes the common interest and work of all Christendom'.*

This recalls St. Thomas: "Corporate et temporale ex spirituali et perpetuo dependet, sicut corporis operatio per virtutem animæ. Sicut ergo corpus per animam habet esse virtutem et operationem, ita et temporalis jurisdictio principum per spiritualem Petri et successorum ejus."† Manning set forth what Leo XIII clearly implied, that civil sovereignty, though it could not in persecution have exercise, is inherent in

the Papacy. Here is the governing principle: "This temporal sovereignty, which has arisen in the indirect providence of God; . . is in order that the Church shall in perfect freedom exercise its spiritual powers. . . It is not necessary to the Church to have a temporal power that it may exercise its spiritual power. St. Gregory VII. exercised his spiritual powers when he was at Salerno; Pius VII., when he was at Savona; Pius IX. when he was at Gaeta. But the alternative is this: the Catacombs or the Vatican; martyrdom or sovereignty; warfare and persecution, or civil sovereignty and its relation to Christian monarchies and to Christian Europe. Choose which

you will. 't

No Catholic, above all no Irish Catholic, will be content with the present Antichristendom. We pray and work for the restoration. Instaurare omnia in Christo. No stopgap ephemeral compromise will save civilisation or bring back the Catholic order of things. No feeble makeshift can renew the sanctity of treaties. As to this, do the Irishmen of to-day read and know The O'Clery's Making of Italy? For a conclusion let me adopt the words of Cardinal Manning: "The day will come when prince and people, nations and their statesmen, will recognize in the Temporal Power of the Holy See a Divine provision for the maintenance and order of the Christian world, and will return to it as . . . the only preservation against the rising tide of revolution.'%

^{*} Justin McCarthy, Pope Leo XIII., ch. ix., p. 17.

^{*} In J. F. Maguire's Pius IX. (1878), xviii., pp. 22-3. (At Munich, Sept. 11, 1861.)

[†] De Reg. Princ., quoted in Bryce, Holy Roman Empire, p. 104.

[†] Manning, The Temporal Power (1862, ed. 2), lecture i, p. 26.

[§] Ibid., lecture iii.

St. Veronica and Her Veil.

BY REV. PLACID WAREING, C.P.

HE sixth Station of the Cross has an attraction peculiar to itself from the bravery of its heroine and the preci us relic it bequeathed to the Church.

It must indeed, be admitted that the historical evidence is at first sight slender, and, with regard to detail, unsatisfactory. There is no mention of it either in the Inspired writings or in the Apocrypha; even the writings attributed to Nicodemus, where we might expect to find it, are silent. The earlier pilgrim narrative—that of the Spanish lady, Sylvia or Egeria (about 380)—has no allusion to it. Veronica's house does not appear among the holy places of Jerusalem till the pilgrimage of James of Verona, about 1335. The explanation suggested is that the pious act was rapidly done, took but a moment, and was observed by few, consequently that with others of both sympathy with and outrage upon the Divine Victim it would have passed out of memory had it not been for the preservation of the miraculous likeness impressed upon the veil.

On the other hand there is nothing improbable in the legend. What the Gospel tells us of the compassion of many of the women of Jerusalem and of our Lord's precious words to them is quite in harmony with this incident: it was a natural impulse with her thus to refresh His Sacred Face, and, we may reverently say, a natural impulse of His Sacred Heart thus richly to reward her. Then the fact is well supported by tradition. That of the church in Gaul places this holy woman among the friends of our Lord-Lazarus, Magdalen, Martha and others, who were there the founders of Christianity, and she has her festival on February 15th in the Gallic Martyrology. One legend, adopted by Eusebius the historian, identifies her with the Phœnician woman whom our Lord cured of the issue of blood. Another, adopted by St. Gregory of Tours, finds her in Palestine at the Pasch of the year 31, and owing to some connection with King Herod's suite, receiving and preserving at Macherus the bleeding remains of St. John Baptist. Another makes her marry,

in Gaul, Tacherus, the convert of the Gospel, whom she accompanied to Rome, and thence to Quiercy, where her husband becomes a hermit, under the name of Amadour, in the region now called Rocamadour, diocese of Cahors. No reliance can be placed on these legends: all that can be said is that she was probably a native of Gaul and returned there in her later years, and that her name was Berenice. That she was afterwards known as Veronica is thus explained. The change was made easy by the similarity of sound, the c in Berenice being pronounced k, and the transition of B to V natural. Then the miraculous impression on her veil was known in Rome as the icon (image). When other likenesses of our Lord were brought from the East afterwards, all called icon, hers was called by the devotion of the people the real or true icon; hence the hybrid word "Vera-icon" (true image) which ordinary language soon made Veronica. Thus Matthew of Westminster, Benedictine Monk of St. Albans, 1200-1250, writes "Effigies Domini vultus, qua Veronica nuncupatur" (the likeness of the Lord's countenance which is called Veronica). In course of time the name of the relic was given to her who was its first happy possessor.

The "Via Dolorosa" may be divided into three parts. Starting from the fortress Antonia, where Pontius Pilate had his pretorium, or judgment seat, it descended south-westward down a narrow street, then for a few paces followed the broad valley called Tyropæan, and after this turned westward up a steep and narrow street to the city gate, known as the gate of judgment, outside which was an open space with the little rocky eminence of Calvary. It is in the latter street that the site of Veronica's house is pointed out. In narratives it first appears among the holy places of Jerusalem in the preface to the pilgrimage of James of Verona, which was made A.D. 1335. An English pilgrim, William Wey, Fellow of Eton College, twice visited the Holy Land. Of his second visit in A.D. 1462, he says, "And so on July 20th, we chose those sites, &c., sixth where Veronica received the countenance of Christ upon her napkin." Another English pilgrim, Sir Richard Guyfforde, Knight of the Garter and a Privy Councillor, made the same round

of the Stations about fifty years later. in 1506. In the account written by his chaplain we find: "And firste, as our way laye, we came to the house of Veronica, which is from Pilate's house 550 paces, where as our Blessed Suvyour impressyd ye ymage of His face in her wympell whiche is at Rome, and is there called the Varnacle."

A desire to reproduce the holy places in other lands in order to satisfy the devotion of those unable to make the actual pilgrimage manifested itself at an early date, especially in the Netherlands. These reproductions varied, according to the varying accounts of pilgrims, and the devotion of their framers. One form was that of the "Seven Falls": this supposes that our Lord fell seven times; to four of these some special occurrence is assigned, leaving three thus unmarked; the origin of the three is our present arrangement. In a famous series of carvings of the "Seven Falls" by Adam Krafft of Nuremburg (about 1490) still preserved, the "Fourth Fall beautifully represents Veronica taking back her veil from our Lord with the miraculous impression upon it. There is a reference to the traditional site of her house in a "Stations" book published at Antwerp in 1536, giving meditation on the Passion with measurements from site to site. Arranged for a week's spiritual pilgrimage it says: "On the Thursday we are bidden to contemplate the journey from 'the place of the fall' to the Ecce Homo Arch (23 ells), from the arch to the place of our Lady's swoon (100 ells), thence again to the place of meeting with Simon of Cyrene (72 ells), thence again to the house of Veronica (282 ells) and finally to the Judicial Gate (300 ells further on) where He again fell prostrate and could not rise. Veronica's house now belongs to the United Greeks, who hope to transform it into a Sanctuary of the Holy Face. It has not pleased the Lord that we should know the details of this meeting of Himself and His compassionate servant. Each of us must draw the picture as devotion suggests. Suffice it to know that her brave act received a magnificent reward. When trembling with emotion she re-entered her house, and unfolded the cloth expecting to find on it some traces of blood, she perceived the Sacred Countenance clearly outlined. The lacerated brow, the half

closed eyes, the bruised cheeks, the soiled beard, the swollen lips, the saddest Face the world shall know.

How it was first treasured we can only surmise. She is said to have carried it to Rome in a coffer of wood, which was still preserved in the time of Baronius in the Church of St. Mary of the Martyrs. Known to the people of Rome as the "Santo Volta," it eventually became the property of the Vatican Basilica, where it remains at present. During Holy Week it is exposed to the veneration of the people from the balcony of the chapel, known as St. Helena's Chapel in St. Peter's.

Louis de la Palma (1560-1641), in his History of the Sacred Passion, quotes a tradition that Veronica's veil was folded into three folds, on each of which was found the image of the Sacred Face. "One of these impressions is kept and shown at Rome with great veneration, another in Spain at the city of Jaen; and the third, it

is said, is at Jerusalem."

Our readers will welcome Fr. Gallwey's touching words on St. Veronica and her veil in his Watches of the Passion: "Mark, too, how faithful Our Saviour is to His word: give and it shall be given to you in good measure. When the linen cloth has served Him, and wiped away the dirt that disfigures His Face, she has it again: she has not given it away, but only lent it to Jesus; and lo! it returns with good interest. When she lends it it is a poor linen cloth; it comes back a portrait more priceless than all that man's hand has ever painted throughout the ages."

GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

WHAT form, O, spirit, would thy brightness wear Could the dark veil of sense that hangs between Mine eyes and thee be lifted, would'st be seen As flower, as sparkling gem, as wondrous star? Alas! that bonds of flesh should so debar My glance from resting on the pearly sheen Of thy soft wings, yet though thou seem'st afar, My spirit knows full well that thine is near.

Sweet Guardian, thy forgiveness let me prove,
Sweet friend of all my friends, who hast best right
To cast reproach on me for having quite
Thy friendship slighted; yet since from above
Thy fire is lit, I know in this despite
Thou'lt pardon yield who look'st alway on Love.

ETHNA KAVANAGH.

Decadents.

BY MAIRE DE BUTLEIR.

"ADAME, c'est la decadence d'un peuple," said a Frenchwoman the other day when discussing with an Englishwoman the orgy of shameless vice, of brazen manners, of immodest dress to which English society has abandoned itself of late. The sights to be seen at present in London hotel lounges, restaurants, and even private houses are calculated to "stagger humanity." The women, strange to say, have taken the lead in this national saturnalia, and many men in their own set are revolted by what is intended presumably to attract them. Wellwishers to Britain are grieved at these signs of the times, which point to national decadence. They ponder on the downfall of the Roman Empire, which was preceded by a deterioration in the morals and a laxness in the manners of the Roman women, and they are clear-sighted enough to realise that the downfall of the British Empire is likely to follow the cult of indecency to which so many British women and girls have so openly abandoned them-

This orgy of vice is not confined to England. It is almost universal. It is the lack of restraint now shown in London which is remarkable and novel. Hitherto the British conventional code decreed that it was bad form to make certain displays in public. Hypocrisy constrained Mrs. Grundy's devotees to sin quietly, unostentatiously. In other countries a greater frankness prevailed. Nowadays the same licence is perceptible among Britishers and other European peoples. The British are the grossest offenders, but people who have been recently in Russia, France, Germany, Italy, and other countries abroad have very disagreeable experiences to relate.

"There are two restraining forces which keep men from relapsing into sheer savagery-religion and convention," so remarked to me the other day a very acute observer who has travelled widely both in the Eastern and Western worlds. "Religion has been denied, and convention is now being thrown overboard, the result is that we are, at the end of the European war, on the verge of

moral anarchy."

It is no exaggeration to say that if Europe be not re-converted to God, Europe will become a land of pedantic barbarians, where scientifically educated men and women will ape the manners of

the Fiji Islanders, and the morals of the farmyard.

Where does Ireland come in in all this? Our first inclination is to congratulate ourselves that our country has escaped this general moral contagion, and we are justified to a certain extent in claiming that Ireland has escaped the plague. The worst symptoms of decadence are non-existent in Ireland. Strong faith, pure living, high thinking, are the rule among our people. But some section of the population are becoming tainted with objectionable foreignisms. However, one is both sorry and surprised when hearing of or noticing some unseemly action on the part of a Gaelic, Catholic girl. If there was one thing we Irish prided ourselves on it was the dignity, the modesty of our womanhood. Our most venomous enemies of the Froude type admitted that Irishwomen were eminent examples of the angelic virtues. The actual virtue has not been lost, but are not some of the outward signs of its existence less in evidence than formerly? Are our girls as modest in manners and dress as they used to be? Are our men as refined as the pioneer Gaels were? The men and women who founded Irish Ireland thoroughly enjoyed innocent fun in their young days, but never a coarse word was heard on their lips, never a look or action that did not betoken refinement and self-respect.

More distressing than roughness on the part of the men is the brazen tone adopted by some of our women and girls. Dress or undress of the outrageous description to be seen in London and some other foreign cities has not yet made its appearance among us, but sufficiently shocking sights have been seen of late years in Dublin streets and public resorts. Irish Catholic women have in some cases shown themselves strangely devoid of a sense of the fitness of things, and so out of harmony with their own religious and racial traditions.

I seem to be painting a very gloomy picture. I hasten to say that these criticisms do not apply to the vast body of Irish, especially Gaelic, men and women. These are only a few spots on the Gaelic sun, but for the sake of the honour of our race I would like these spots to disappear. The religious and national spirit of the people taken as a whole is stronger than it ever was before. Gaelic, Catholic Ireland has been re-born. We glory in this re-birth. Let us, then, hold aloft the torch of a truly Christian civilisation in a world relapsing into grossness and Paganism. Let us keep aloof from the horrible moral corruption which is disintegrating Society elsewhere, and rear in our Isle of Destiny a race of virile, clean-living, pure-minded men and women—the antithesis of the twentieth century decadents.

THE RECORD OF THE STORM.

"And when I shall cover the sky with clouds, my bow shall appear in the heavens." -Genesis, ix. 14.

TTTH crash as of rocks rent by powder-blast, VV Each rumbling echo louder than the last, The loom of heaven wakens into sound, Whilst whirring wheels pursue their panting round; The lurid threads are flashing right and left Upon the dark expanse of the wide weft, As dizzily the fork-fanged needles curl, Till with decreasing swiftness the wheels whirl, And, 'midst low mutterings, the labour dies; Then, His task o'er, the Weaver of the Skies Spreads out the tapestry of the Rainbow, That we may learn, even while here below, How bright may be our record of the past When earthly storms are stilled for us at last!

M. BARRY O'DELANY.

EDITED BY A PASSIONIST FATHER.

CHAPTER XI.—continued.

CHARITY OF THE SERVANT OF GOD.

YNTIL his strength failed he laboured all day long in the confessional, with the exception of those hours devoted to the religious observances, until his health became so shattered that his Superior was obliged to withdraw him from such exhausting labours, in order that he might not hurry himself prematurely to his tomb. The following reference is made to this matter in a record of events connected with his Order, dated 10th January, 1874, announcing his return to Dublin:—

"In consequence of his attending the people who came to him for his blessing he had become very weak. The Superiors, in consideration of this, thought better to remove him for some time from Mount Argus, in order to give him a little rest, and so restore

his broken-down constitution."

A remarkable feature in the servant of God was the special gift which he possessed of discerning character. Doubtless those who sought his advice were not aware that the simple, unassuming priest had a power of penetration which enabled him to form a true estimate of the leanings and peculiarities of the persons with whom he conversed, and so was prevented from being misguided

in the counsels and opinions which he gave.

Long, indeed, will the story of Father Charles' love for the poor be told "in memory of him." With sweet and unvarying patience, with intense sympathy, and an ever-increasing zeal in their service, he laboured for them during all the days of his priestly life. Never did he use an unkind word towards them, never did he deny them audience, never did he despise them for their defects, but regarding them only as representing Jesus, who had not whereon to lay His Head, he treated them as brethren and friends. Always appearing to keep in mind the words of Christ, "As long as you did it to the least of these brethren you did it to Me," not only did he attend to them at the Retreat, but while his strength lasted, sought them out in their miserable 'wellings, and brought peace and joy beneath their humble roofirous, so that "rough hearts looked smooth and beautiful in Charity's eclipse.'

No matter how great the inconvenience, how inclement the weather, or how weak in body he might be, once he heard that the poor were waiting for him he would hasten to attend them; and he received the summons so frequently during the day, that it was enough to overtax a young and robust frame. The cell which he occupied was situated in the upper story of the Retreat, so that whenever he had to go to the church or parlour, he was obliged to descend the long stairway leading to the basement, a journey which had to be repeated so often that it was fatiguing in the extreme. When disengaged from his works of active charity he at once returned to the quietude of his cell, there to continue his

prayer, for to meditate on God was his rest.

And when the day was over, and the procession of misery had departed, Father Charles did not forget all that sorrowful reality that had passed before him—these appalling visitations of Providence that he had witnessed, or the narrative of hearts broken by affliction that were poured into his ears. When he repaired to his Superior's room for conference and direction unutterable anguish was painfully visible on his countenance as he alluded in general to the pitiful condition of these "poor simple people," as he called them. The people knew well how self-sacrificing he was for their sake, because they had frequent proofs of this. However, they were not conscious that his great compassion for them caused him bitter anguish of soul, and that in the stillness of the cloister, at the midnight hour, that same priest was kneeling before the Tabernacle supplicating the mercy of Him, Who heeds even the sparrow's fall, for His suffering creatures, upon whom affliction had laid a heavy hand.

With three score and ten years—the span allotted by the Psalmist to man—already passed over him, with a terrible disease eating him away, Father Charles daily continued this routine of holy works of charity, but it was the shepherd giving his life for his sheep—as Nature claimed her own—and he sank weary and wasted in the midst of labours, the performance of which by one emaciated was the wonder of all. In following out the promptings of grace, and the impulses of a heart redolent of love for God and his fellow men, the martyr of Charity did not pause in his mission of mercy in order to recuperate his own strength, until He who is Love itself called him away for ever to rest in the

Bosom of God.

CHAPTER XII.

HEALING THE SICK.

God, for the demonstration of His servant's sanctity, and to show His own Mercy for the misery of men, endowed Father

Charles with miraculous powers.

Very often people regard things as miraculous which in reality are not so, and on the other hand there is a multitude of unbelievers who maintain that miracles not only do not occur, but that they are absolutely impossible. A miracle, as St. Thomas says, is an effect which is beyond the order (or laws) of the whole of created nature, and so has God for its Author, who alone can change the course of nature, since He who freely creates can freely change. Though the laws of nature are invariable, and though God from all eternity willed that their order should be constant, nevertheless, He, in the act willed to suspend their efforts in particular instances, as was exemplified by the Waters of the Red Sea, which, in obedience to nature's laws, had flowed onwards for centuries, yet, at the uplifting of Moses' rod, divided and afforded a passage to God's people.

Denial of miracles not only is contradictory of Scripture, which is teeming with narratives of miraculous incidents, but, moreover, involves denial of the Omnipotence of God, to Whom all things

are possible.

Though, in the early stages of the Church, miracles were of more

frequent occurrence than at the present day, on account of the necessity of confirming a doctrine so opposed to the maxims of an incredulous world, still Our Lord remains with His Church, and its very existence to-day is a living miracle, testifying to the abiding presence of God. In our own time, as in that of the Apostles, God confirms the mission and teaching of His ministers by "signs and wonders;" in our own time, too, is there a diversity of spiritual gifts, "to one is given the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another the gift of healing, to another the working of miracles."

Our Lord, who confirmed His doctrine by miracles, promised His disciples that they would do greater works than He had done. The Church's undoubted testimony to the sanctity of her children in the process of canonization fully proves that this promise is being still fulfilled, and that the seal of God's sanction has been placed upon their actions by the performance of miracles.

It is true, miracles are not an infallible proof of saintliness, as a wicked man may work a miracle in attestation of truth, for, as St. Jerome says: "To prophesy or to work wonders, or cast out devils, sometimes is not on account of the merit of him who works them, but is done by the invocation and name of Christ, that men may honour God, at Whose invocation such miracles have been wrought." However, as God only is the Author of all miracles, they never be performed except for a good end. Though Scripture speaks of saints and angels as working miracles, yet, they are only instruments in the hands of the Almighty. The devil, being unable to do good, cannot work a miracle; yet, possessing a far higher knowledge of nature's forces than man, he can produce extraordinary phenomena in order to deceive. The test of true miracles is that what is done is not opposed to any truth or reason or of faith; that the person working them is not actuated by vain-glory, ostentation, or the satisfaction of curiosity; and that they are not derogatory to the attributes of God.

As is related in the Acts of the Apostles, "God wrought by the hand of Paul more than common miracles, so that even there were brought from his body to the sick handkerchiefs and aprons, and the disease departed from them, and the wicked spirits went out of them," so did the Almighty, through the instrumentality of Father Charles, perform "wonders, and divers miracles, and distributions of the Holy Ghost, according to His own Will."

Though the Church has not yet given her decision on the miracles here related, they have been carefully investigated, closely scrutinised by ourselves, and culled from a large number.

Hearing that we were about to introduce into this work some of the miracles attributed to Father Charles, Dr. Marmion, of Dungannon, kindly supplied us with the following particulars on the 3rd February, 1893:—

"I am only too glad," writes this medical man, "to give you any details concerning Father Charles' miraculous cure of Miss Mary Jane Martyn. Miss Martyn consulted me many years ago, and I found she was suffering from cancer of the upper lip, together with a most dangerous malady called cancrum oris. When I saw the case first, I found the disease was too far advanced for any operation to be performed, and as it was spreading at a very rapid rate, and her entire face so disgusting to look at, I considered that

her life was not to be of long duration. She was a country dressmaker, and an orphan, but, of course, no one would give her work owing to the disease, and the putrid discharge that was at all times coming from the diseased parts. I was well known to Miss O'Brien, of Stephen's Green, and to some of the other governesses and governors of the Incurable Hospital, Donnybrook; so I wrote to some of them whom I knew when acting as Resident Medical Officer there, and I may say, through the great kindness and influence of Miss O'Brien, I got Mary Jane Martyn admitted. Her case was such a bad one that she was selected on her first trial for admittance. She was not long in the hospital till she found out Father Charles, and heard of his wonderful cures. She informed me that she went one day to Mount Argus, and though there were a number waiting to see the dear Father, he stayed longer than usual when he came to see her, and lit a blessed candle, and prayed. She then went back to the hospital, and found herself daily getting better, and some weeks after I was agreeably surprised to find her in my surgery with little or no trace of the disease, only a cicatrix or scar marking the place where the two diseases had been, viz., cancer and cancrum oris.

"Miss Martyn is at present in America, and is able to earn her living there. I should say, to the best of my belief, she left

here some six or eight months ago."

Through the kindness of a Carmelite Father, the case of John McEntaggart, formerly of Dublin, but now living in Necker, Baltimore, America, has come under our notice. Owing to the effects of small-pox, this man's heart and breathing were affected, and his limbs became so powerless that he was unable to go from one side of the street to the other without assistance His condition was most wretched. He could not remain contented within doors, so he used to stand at the corner of the Carmelite Convent, in Aungier Street. This malady reduced him to a skeleton, weighing only 95 lbs., though 19 years of age. For four to five years he continued in this pitiable state, and though he consulted four eminent surgeons, they were unable to do anything to alleviate his sufferings, and declared he had not long to live. In 1872 he visited Mount Argus, and was blessed by Father Charles. The result was that he walked home to Aungier Street, and in a short time was able to work at his trade as a carpenter; and the emaciated, crippled man became so strong and robust that now, instead of weighing 95 lbs., he weighs 14 stone. Having emigrated to America, he has successfully pursued his trade in that land; and he states that when he meets his old acquaintances, they can hardly believe that he is the same person whom they knew at home as a chronic invalid, and whom they believed to be long since numbered with the dead.

(To be continued.)

In the Days of the Wild Geese A TALE OF SARSFIELD'S TIMES.

By GREGORY BARR, Author of "RETRIBUTION," &c.

PART III.

CHAPTER XIII.—continued.

PASCHAL JOYS.

ONG and earnest was the converse, during which we will not intrude our company; but we cannot fail to hear the startling question of the fiance:

"Can it take place to-day, Helen?" and the still more amazing rejoinder, "And why not? Father Brian cannot stay here past to-morrow, as my father is suspected of harbouring Papists."

And so Sir Fergus and Lady MacVeagh were thunderstruck at being informed that their daughter was to be married then and there.

"Bless my soul, but this is very sudden!" ejaculated the good baronet.

Filled with the usual feminine anxiety, Lady MacVeagh plaintively asked: "And what about your wedding dress, Helen?"

"The dress I have on will become my wedding dress when I have been married in it," calmly replied her daughter.

"But Victorine could in a few days-"

Dear mother, these times are too full of danger for us to waste time on such frippery. Papa will give me away, and you and Marcus can be witnesses."

"There is one other witness whom I would like to have, my faithful Darby," said the bridegroom-elect. All were delighted at his kind thought.

In the servants' hall Darby was seated at the head of the table in the place of honour, which the steward had vacated in favour of the guest from abroad.

Darby was delighting the servants by his accounts of foreign

manners and customs.

"Sure, I seen the Pope, God bless him! in St. Peter's, wid three crowns on his head an' they carryin' him in a grand chair, an' peacocks' feathers wavin' above it, an' he blessin' us all, right an' left."

"Did you never see him outside the church, Mr. Darby?"

queried a young housemaid.

"An' coorse I did, me dear. A big gallery runs round th' outside o' St. Peter's, an' more than wanst I seen his holiness there; blessin' the big crowd outside, an' he turnin' from side to side doin' it. I seen lots o' red cardinals drivin' about in grand carriages; an' as to bishops, they wor as plenty as blackberries is here—"

"Draw it mild, Darby!" corrected Murtagh.

"Leastwise, there were bishops galore."

The door opened and the O'Driscoll appeared. All rose to give him a hearty welcome. He thanked them, and said he would come another time to speak with them, but that now he wanted Darby on particular business. This faithful servant was overjoyed when he heard what the business was.

"Sure, yer honor, I always said she was the right colleen, but some divil put a pishogue * on ye, which was took off in the Holy Island, glory be to God! His holy Mother, and St. Patrick."

Clad in her simple daily dress, and wearing her mother's wedding veil, the young bride gave her hand to him to whom she had been so long united in heart.

The congratulations ended, Sir Fergus said: "One duty now

is mine; please await my return."

Accompanied by Darby, he descended to an underground chamber cut in the rock, whence he brought a strong iron case containing two small oak caskets clasped in silver. He handed one of these to the bridegroom, saying:

"This is yours, O'Driscoll; keep it in your strong room; it contains the title deeds of your estates. Whilst the other, which I shall keep, contains the deed, signed by William of Orange, con-

ferring those estates on me and my descendants."

Laying his hand on the bible, and making a sign to his son to do the same, he continued: "I swear that I only keep this deed to safeguard your possession of your estates, and that I shall never make use of it."

"And I swear the same," said Captain Marcus.

"I now appoint you, Patrick O'Driscoll, my agent over the O'Driscoll property; to collect the rents, and to make what changes you wish, nominally subject to me—but I shall never touch a penny accruing from these estates. And now that this serious business is over, what would you say to a walk in the pleasant sunshine. I would like to show you the care we took of Castle Mor in your absence. We can easily be back in time for dinner."

"Mother might be lonely," said Helen.

"Not at all, my dear. Mother has Victorine to keep her company, which is fortunate, now that her daughter is deserting her."

There was a slight touch of frost in the air, which was invigorating without being unpleasant; the bright sunbeams illuminated mountain, copse and valley; the awakening of nature after the sleep of winter was everywhere visible.

Life was pulsating through the apparently dead trees, causing the branches to blush until their tips burst into buds. The gurgling of the brooklets, swelled by the melting of the snow, the songs of the birds calling to their mates, the bleating of the lambs, the lowing of the kine—all swelled into a mighty symphony of nature, crying out—" Spring is here, Spring is here."

A silence full of eloquence reigned among the little party as it wended its way in sight of the beautiful Lakes, through gradually greening foliage this joyful Easter morning, the beautiful young bride leaning on her husband, whose arm she pressed lovingly as

tears of joy came to her eyes.

Not until they came in sight of Castle Mor was the sacred silence broken. Then Sir Fergus said: "Prepare for a surprise, Darby," and truly the good man did get one when the great gate of Castle Mor was opened by—whom?

* An evil bewitchment.

Sean Rua—whilst beside him stood pretty Maureen, with two fine youngsters hiding their faces in her dress whilst shyly peeping

"By the powers, its Sean himself," cried Darby, almost dislocating Sean's arm. "How's every bit o' ye, man?" All laughed at this vigorous greeting, which the O'Driscoll could not in the least understand.

"An' tell me," said Darby, lowering his voice, "Are ye

"Thieving," answered the other, laughing. "No! Father Brian made good boys of us all."

Escorted by Sean, the whole party went through the castle,

admiring the good care which had been taken of it.

Whilst they are so engaged we will tell the cause of Sean's

appearance.

Some time previously Father Brian had been called to assist Galloping Hogan in his last hours. After having reconciled the dying chief to God, the zealous priest worked a veritable Mission amongst the Rapparees, numbers of whom were most willing to give up their lawless life if they could otherwise obtain means of subsistence.

The priest appealed to Sir Fergus, who offered employment or small farms to all the poor fellows, thus enabling them to resume an honest life. He installed Sean as caretaker of Castle Mor.

Varied were the feelings of the O'Driscoll as he stood once more in the home of his childhood: the great joy of the present could not banish the recollection of the last sad days he had spent within those hallowed walls. Above all, the grand figure of his noble father, as he marshalled his little band for their last brave stand, rose before the mind of the young chief, and he firmly resolved that, with God's assistance, he would walk in the footsteps of his loved parents.

Again, an O'Driscoll and his lady ascend the winding stone staircase of Castle Mor. He and his friends stand on the roof facing the bewitching scene.

Grasping the hand of Sir Fergus, the O'Driscoll says:

"As you and my father were—as you and I are—so may our descendants ever be united in bonds of friendship!"

To which all reply—"Amen."

This story is founded on the following fact:—

After the Battle of the Boyne, a gentleman in the North of Ireland was killed with his five sons whilst defending their Castle. his two youngest sons-mere boys-escaped to France with their mother. A Protestant friend kept their estates and castle in trust for them.

Years passed away, when one evening at dusk two young men rowed a little boat over the historic Lough Neagh—they were the two sons now grown up, returning to their native land. They were received with open arms by their father's friend.

They and their descendants lived in perfect safety in the home of their ancestors, thanks to this friend and his descendants, who nominally kept possession of the estate until Catholic Emancipation, when it was restored to its lawful owners.

Some years ago a gentleman who had been the previous week in the home thus preserved, and had there conversed with the descendants of the two boys, told the above to the writer of the tale—" In the Days of the Wild Geese.".

THE END.

The Butterfly.

BY THOMAS KELLY.

HE lane was but one of a maze of mean streets which constituted one of the poorest slums of the city. It had been named and re-named, but nothing save demolition could improve it. The June sun shot its rays into the lane with so much concentration that one might be forgiven for thinking that it was trying to sizzle up everything in the mean and narrow alley. Opposite, many of the blistered doors' damp patches dried almost as quickly as they were created by the householders, who threw slops into the lane because there was nowhere else to throw them. The Cleansing Department of the City Corporation seemed blissfully unaware of the existence of the lane, for in the hollows by the dead wall that stood opposite the hovels a rank mixture of rotting cabbage, tea-leaves, and sundry rubbish gave out its sickly odour. . . . What joy the first heavy shower would bring to the

youngsters in the alley, for then a miniature river would race along the dirty channel in the centre of the lane, carrying with it all sorts of freight—from kitchen sweepings to paper boats!

The houses in the alley seemed to vie with one another in meanness. If one had several panes missing from its kitchen window its neighbour was bound to go one better by displaying a patched door showing at least the relics of three attempts to clothe it in vari-coloured paints. . . Now and again a bare arm, followed by a frowsy head, appeared at one of the windows, and a daring child was loudly ordered indoors: "D'you want to get your

head split open with the sun, you little—you?"

In one of the houses a man in shirt-sleeves waited impatiently for his early dinner. He pulled fretfully at a discoloured pipe without any result, as far as smoke was concerned. By the sickly fire his wife fidgeted—she was one of the hopeless type of women: always hurrying, always behindhand, never able to show a serene countenance. Day after day saw a repetition of the same old story—the husband's dinner would always be ready "in a minit;" after a wait of a quarter of an hour he sat down to an ill-cooked meal. That was when he was working, of course; for when he was idle, his dinner did not cause overmuch trouble in its preparation. . .

And because the man was like that character in Henry IV.— "As poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient"—he fretted and fumed while the watched pot failed to boil. He went to the little alarm clock, which lay suspiciously face inwards on the dresser, and jerked it roughly up, as if he blamed it too for conniving at the delay, shouting—"Here, come on with that dinner, or I'll ——."

The pot was swung off the fire. There was a splash of hot water on to the earthen floor, and a steaming heap of potatoes were on the table. . .

Over in a corner a little girl of four sat on a tiny stool. From time to time she eyed her father furtively—cowering close to the wall when he raised his voice—turning to her poor little rag doll for solace when there was silence in the apartment. Her little dress had once been red, but now it was stained and discoloured and faded. A scrap of pink ribbon which tied her hair hung down in a way that gave her somewhat of a rakish appearance. Despite the alley, she would probably have been a sprightly youngster—had she only got the chance.

There was a sudden exclamation. "Oo-o, look," crowed the little girl, jumping up and clapping her grubby, grimy hands. The rag doll fell discarded and forgotten at her feet—she had eyes only for the vision that had come within her ken. In silence, both

her parents went on with their meal. . .

A piece of board which did duty for glass in the upper half of the kitchen window had been removed to let a little air into the room. Through the opening thus formed had danced a gorgeous butterfly, a creature of the sunshine, with shimmering wings, aflutter with the sheer joy of life, wings which seemed to have as many colours as the rainbow. The child did not think thus of course, for she had never heard of, much less seen, the arc which blends the hues between violet and red into one harmony of shade. She gave a little scream of dismay as the lovely visitant barely missed a collision with the prop which held up her mother's clothesline. At first the butterfly seemed inclined to turn towards the table in the centre of the floor, but soon changed its mind, and fluttered instead straight towards where the child, with body aquiver and eyes strained to take in every detail of the wonderful stranger, stood—a veritable image of delighted wonder. Uncertainly on and on came the glinting wings, till they all but touched the pink ribbon. . . . A tiny hand went up nervously as if to touch the gaudy creature, then was drawn suddenly down with the gesture of one who restrains himself from desecration not a minute too soon.

"Are you giving her nothing?" asked the man.

"She's not hungry," said the woman, at the same time rising

and fetching a little plate from the dresser.

The scintillating wings beat uncertainly for a few moments, and then turned towards the door. The gorgeous creature seemed aware that it had made a mistake, and decided to rectify it. Every movement was followed by a pair of eager, blue eyes—a little heart beat faster as the butterfly seemed to hesitate near the door and turn inwards again. But it was only for a couple of seconds, for all at once the resplendent creature had flown outwards and upwards. Over the roofs of the houses it went—every motion tensely watched by two strained eyes over which a scrap of pink ribbon was hanging unheeded.

"Come in here and have your dinner," called the mother, and the youngster unwillingly abandoned her vigil for a plate of potatoes. In a few minutes the man went out to his work without a word, and the woman moved into the bedroom off the kitchen. A little body was gently slid off the chair, a pair of pattering feet brought the child swiftly outside the doorway and into the centre of the lane. A blank look was on the little face, and tears were near the strained eyes which looked up into the Great Unknown, whither had vanished the one touch of romance which had come into a little life.

The Ascent of Brother Columba

BY MARY GRATTAN.

BROTHER COLUMBA lived in a state of humble, child-like wonderment, bordering on ecstacy, that God, in His incomprehensible goodness, should not only have chosen him to dwell in His house, but should, moreover, deign to treat

him as a son, dearly loved.

In the numerous misadventures, reproaches and humiliations which were as his daily bread, he saw tokens of God's special favour extended to the least and most unworthy of the community. The thought of such ineffable condescension on the part of His Heavenly Father was wont to uplift him out of himself, making him forget the flight of time and the ordinary concerns of daily life, and thus arrived new penances and humiliations, each to be accepted in its turn with a new access of humble gratitude, which he found it impossible to keep all to himself.

There were some among his brethren who found these expressions of artless wonder at the recurrence of such-like favours a little wearisome, and at times, when not bound by the laws of

silence, they would rally him good-naturedly, saying:

"Do you, then, think you are the only one God visits with affliction and trials as token of His love?"

"Nay, not so," replied Brother Columba, in all meekness; albeit, are there any among the sons He hath here received whom He doth so frequently rebuke and chasten?"

And as this might not be gainsaid, they would smile and hold

their peace.

There was one, by name Brother James, who, greatly as he hated and eschewed all manner of murmuring, as behoved a true son of St. Benedict, was inclined to be irritated by this attitude of his companion, and found him therefore somewhat of a stumbling block to his own perfection.

The day came when he could no longer forbear to give utterance to this irritation, or rather it appeared to him at the moment to be but an act of fraternal charity to remove the scales from his brother's eyes, for surely all such exultation was a kind of pride,

whereby he was being wofully blinded.

It had been an arduous day, and Brother James, who at that time was fulfilling the office of infirmarian, had been about to take some well-earned rest when Brother Columba was brought in with head bruised and bleeding and one of his hands roughly torn by a rusty hook. To hinder further ill ensuing, it was deemed advisable that frequent fomentations should be applied, and this entailed the brother infirmarian keeping vigil with the patient throughout the night.

"Tis like as if our Blessed Jesus hath made me a loan of His thorny crown, so sore doth my head ache, and I all unmeet for such a high favour," mused the patient as his head was being bandaged. "Aye, and as if one of the nails that entered His Sacred Hands hath torn my flesh. It further sets my heart singing for very joy to think how, seeing me in danger of being carried

away by exterior business, He hath thus called me into this solitude the better to speak to my soul. Quid retribuam!"

Brother James' reply was unsympathetic, not to say slightly irreverent, though as he tended the injured members his skilful touch lacked nothing of the gentleness which made him so apt to his office.

"Methinks you have none other than yourself to thank for what has befallen you. You climb on a ladder carelessly set up, and then, when it begins to give way beneath you, instead of laying hold of the firm beam close to your hand to steady yourself, you clutch at a rusty hook in such clumsy fashion as is well known to be all your own. And so it is with the most part of the mishaps you are too wont to account as special gifts and graces from on high."

The hasty speech was no sooner spoken than Brother James was seized with compunction. He had much the same feeling as when once, having wantonly flung a stone, he had silenced for ever a woodland bird which a moment before had been trilling forth its blithe song.

The other's silence smote him as no reproach could have done.

He was down on his knees by the bed.

"Brother, think no more of my heedless words save to forgive them. And pray for me who am in such evil case as to have hurt you when my office should be to heal."

Brother Columba's eyes were glistening with generous emotion as with his uninjured hand he strove to raise the brother infirmarian from his lowly posture. His silence had been that of simple surprise.

"Wherefore should I be hurt? Rather hath Christ made me your debtor in that you have striven to bring home to me more fully the truth that I, who have scarce gotten firm foothold on the first step of humility—and therein lies a similitude—am all too wont to walk in wonders beyond me. Yet take it not amiss if I still marvel to see how He doth take occasion of my very miseries to make His mercies shine out the more apparent."

Brother James could not so easily forgive himself. As soon as he might leave the infirmary he sought the Abbot and made humble confession of his fault, craving that he might be removed from the office, which he had proved himself unworthy to fulfil.

"That shall not be, my son, for even in this very hour you have learnt the lesson you needed in order to fulfil it more perfectly. None the less, it is mete that having striven to probe a wound in which I deem there was little or no venom, it is your bounden duty to apply the balm. I counsel you to seek it straightway in the Heart of Christ, where is the panacea for every ill."

So, having obtained a blessing, the penitent brother went to the church, where, it not being an hour for Office and for the monks to stand as courtiers and make melody before their King, His adorable Majesty was to be approached rather in His quality of a tender Father, ready to listen to the individual concerns of His children. But Brother James, having made his salutation, knelt silent and abashed, and the compassionate Lord Christ, seeing this soul bruised with contrition, awaited no further plea to pour upon him the healing balm of Divine consolation he needed for himself far more than for the one he feared to have wounded.

The poor brother was on a sudden rapt in great peace, and while the eyes of his body softly closed, those of his soul were opened to the vivifying light. And in that light he saw the ladder formed of the twelve degrees of humility, such as the glorious St. Benedict describes in his Rule, and like to that which Jacob beheld in his dream, with angels descending and ascending on either side. This ladder now appeared as stairs of gold curiously wrought and inlaid with precious stones, and led to the rainbow-circled throne whereon sat the King of Bliss. And he who saw and afterwards related these things was greatly amazed to see kneeling on the topmost heavenly stair none other than Father Columba, and smiling upon him with kind, gracious countenance, the King spoke these words:

"Behold, little son, now shall it be with you according as you have believed in your humble confidence in My mercy wherewith

you have touched My Heart."

While Brother James was pondering in his mind how these things might be, the vision faded and he was alone in the shadowy church with Him Whom he now saw only by faith. And curiosity making him bold, he asked:

"Sweet Lord, I pray You tell me how it is that Brother Columba who erewhile by his own showing had scarce gotten firm foothold on the first degree of humility, hath in so brief space of time ascended to the last, and been thereby lifted up to You in Heaven?"

And the answer was softly breathed in his soul: "Twas by reason of your words, and albeit there was in them somewhat of the zeal of bitterness, yet did his love of My Cross turn them into sweetness, even as the rod of Moses sweetened the waters of Mara, and so did you help him to attain that heavenly exaltation to which none may ascend save by abasement."

At that moment one came and touched Brother James on the shoulder, and fearing he had outstayed his time, he rose up quickly.

And being come out of the church, the brother sacristan who had found him with his head resting against the desk of his stall, said banteringly:

"Of a truth you have vast devotion to the patriarch Jacob to be choosing a pillow in no wit softer than was his! And now I will make this known that another less weary may watch in your stead in the infirmary."

"Not so, for never did I wake better refreshed." And he

hastened to his patient's bed-side.

"Tis full time for the fomentation, and meanwhile harken to what I have to tell you, for I warrant it will serve as a better cordial than any in the pharmacy."

Therewith he told all he had both seen and heard in the dream vouchsafed to him. And no sooner did he come to an end than a

scruple laid hold of him.

"Now perchance by the telling of these things I have caused you to lose all you have hitherto gained, and to fall into that very pride whereof I was too prone to suspect you."

Brother Columba's head was bent low as he murmured:

"What place is there for pride in being made the sharer of bliss such as one has done naught to merit?"

A Journey along a Bookshelf— Dream-Travel.

BY D. L. KELLEHER.

TN the economies and exigencies of travel and time one begins more and more to live on one's memories. Thinking does not cost train fares, and by practice one can learn to concentrate and create illusions. The psychologists would have us trained thus in our youth. The lyrical philosophers, like Mr. George Russell, would invent symbols to achieve perfection for those of any age. A little home-bred, individual effort can even establish the dream-world for oneself.

So, now, I look along the lowest of my book-shelves and the pageant begins to unroll. There, first, faded, but appreciating in value at least for sale purpose, is Synge's "Playboy" (1st ed.). One's mind swings back to the first night in London—was it the Kingsway Theatre? Twenty constables and half-a-dozen C.I.D. men are in the gallery. Lady Gregory is in a box to the right of the stage. If only London will give Synge a call, her defiance of the Dublin audience who hooted the play will be complete. The author is called. The gallery hisses a little. Synge, in a dress suit, hurries on, bows awkwardly, hurries off. Lady Gregory leans back in the box and looks slowly around, and galleryward, with her benignest smile. The Dublin standards do not run here!

Next door—we are moving along Shelf Street again—is a little, light-blue book—a sort of villa amid the dourer cloth-backed

houses. It is Rostand's "Les Romanesques."

One remembers straightway the Porte St. Martin or the Bernhardt Theatres at Paris, the latter with those confusing corridors full of mirrors. And the figure of Sarah rises in "La Samaritaine," that play out of the Bible, in which the reverence for the subject is complete; so complete, indeed, that it might be played before even a suspicious audience here in Ireland. But Rostand is dead, although hardly fifty, and behind him his millions of francs and the plays that run to hundreds of thousands of copies sold.

Then, No. 3—Rudyard Kipling. One almost sees the Union Jack break from the top of the cover so loyal is this fellow. For twice he has saved his empire: once with a thrust in jingle against Ireland when the mob at Cork cheered the burning of the British flag when the Courthouse was destroyed in 1890; the other time when he provoked T. M. Kettle into writing his epitaph as the

man who tried

"With a bucketful of Boyne To put the Sunrise out."

But pass, Kipling! For here is a worthier, Edgar Allan Poe, with fire in him and gloom, a dash of Irish out of his ancestor from County Down, in touch with Ireland, too, by the couple of years' daily intimacy in America with that other Down romantic, Mayne

A JOURNEY ALONG A BOOKSHELF-DREAM-TRAVEL133

Reid. Poor Mayne Reid, forgotten in the surge of machine-shop stories and flying men, to whom the cinema remains a last hope

against oblivion!

But here now is a stern building. None shall dare enter! Henrik Ibsen, bound up solemnly in German. One's mind, swiftly, is in a café in Munich. At that table by the window the rather low-sized man is seated as usual, reading a paper. He looks half professor, half farmer, with a beard bristling out, and the under-jaw shaved to the point of the chin. Such a firm mouth, too. And now this other habitué, who for the past two years has often sat at the same table will venture a word.

"I have often intended to address you, sir. My name is ——" Ibsen, the story is well known, lowers the paper he has been reading, looks hard at his fellow-customer, raises his paper again. That is the end of the episode, and the acquaintance is never achieved! It is a relief to be gone from him, a few doors down, to a ragged, paper-walled sort of a caravansary, all holes, like windows, air and light free to enter across these pages. So it is a book by Mark Twain, the "funny little man," who dressed in white at the English King's garden party, and who could only speak eloquently when he saw children scattered through his oudience. And to think of him believing all his life that he will make a fortune on a linotype machine he is perfecting, until in the end he has wasted £40,000, and gone bankrupt on the show! And, next door again, such an ill-sorted neighbour! Thomas Carlyle, the Cyclops and humbug; too fond of the dictionary to give his heart a chance. One remembers his opposition when a portrait of Father Mathew was being hung at the National Gallery in London, and one thinks of Edward Fitzgerald, the "Rubaijat," jeering at "Sartor Resartus," one misjudgment balancing the other.

So, by romantic removal, here we are at T. P. O'Connor; "Some Old Love Stories;" his house is marked. And the figure, smiling, well-clad, well-shaved, of the host appears. A "daring fellow," over seventy, the best-abused Irishman of his generation, an actor better than the best, remembering how on Monday one has heard him, exquisite and cultured, addressing the brokers of the Liverpool Exchange, and on Tuesday stampeding a colony of Mid-Lancashire miners into the wildest proletarian enthusiasm.

We have time for no more calls now. So we must hasten past that house of Rosetti, who buried his wife and dug her up again to unwind a poem he had coiled amid her hair; and past this, James Joyce, who is almost as great an artist, but has certain morbid lapses of the pen, past magnificent Bobbie Burns, whose picture, framed large, is in every Edinburgh publichouse, and whose memory must be praised and damned to the end of his epoch. And, at last, there is Henry Kirke White, the prodigy of his time—tuberculous and charming, full of English sentiment and seriousness, very fascinating for his devotion to his own family.

oreas caince.

Séan:—huná! a buacaillí, tá na laeteannta raoine azuinn ra veine.

pádra15.—17 cá an aimpip 50 háluinn ap pad, buideacap mon le Ois.

Olarmulo.—Ir micio ol beit 50 breat. A leitélo de Meiteam ní faca mé piam—ná aoinne eile, van liom.

S.—Di ré 50 han dona, a Diapmuid, ac cad é an maitear beit as cuimneam an an aimpin atá tant? D'fiú fanamaint an na laeteannta áilne atá azuinn anoir.

p.—ní řeavan conur an éinis linn as an renúvú. ní

oóis tiom sup deinear réin pó-mait in ao'cop.

O.—Sin man a ríleann sac ouine. Díonn rasar easla

nó rsáta am asur rm ré noean an opoc-mirneac.

- S.—Dí an Zaevilz mait so león azuinn, pé rcéal é, azur an ream tem, asur rin 120 na pubai ir mó atá ó aor ós na Cine monu.
- p.—Oá mbeað an oipeað rpéire asam-ra i nsac aðban eile ip acá asam ra nsaeoils asur 'ra peain beinn com clipte pin ip ná bead a tuille proluideacta as teaptáil uaim.

O.—An mbero pro as imteact o baile so luat?

- S.—Beav-rs as out so Ciappuide lem muincip i sceann reactaine, le consnam Dé.
- p.—Azur bead-ra as out so oti an comeactar i scatam Concaise. Taim as out read an thi cinn ver na comon-Cairíb ann.
- O.—Oféroin so pasainn leac. Ir clor som so mbers an raozal foöla 50 léin ann 1 mbliana.

S.—Ac amain na rip aca ré star as Sallaib ror.

- p.—Nápa rava máp rin 120, na rip bočta! Nač 10nta atá an rppio asur an opoc-úraio so léip oo rearaim com reanamail rin.
- O.—Aide, a pádpais, rin replio na nSaedeal nac réidip a briread. Bead ré com mait as Seán buide beit as bualar comce le bhob ir beit as iappair an replio céarna vo cun ré coir.
- S.—Dipeac! Ir vá mbeav ár muincip com Saevealac ir acáio mirneamail, ba jeaph 50 mbeao oeine le néim na nSall ra cin reo.

P. asur O.—1r rion ouic.

muiris na mona.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by FRANCIS.



RULES OF THE GUILD.

- The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

Thave been in compulsory retirement for three months, and we almost venture to retire acres for three months, welcome given by big and little members of the Guild. My own joy, as I read the grand pile of letters on my desk this month, cannot be described. From every corner of the land came letters packed full of loving messages for comrades of the Guild as well as for myself, and again, as often before, I thanked God for the true friends that have gathered about me here. There are so many letters that I must hasten to open.

MY POSTBAG

The first greeting is from a big contingent of new friends, all pupils of St. Malachy's Girls' N.S., Dundalk, led by Eithne Ni Chleirigh. Their names are Maire Ni Chonchubhair, Eibhlin Ni Dhochartaigh, Madge Gaughran, Molly Swinburne, Maire Nic Sheaghain, Eibhlin Ni Chaoindealbhain, Genevieve Finnegan, Mary Clarke, Maire Ni Bhraonain, Rita Sloane, Kathleen Kinsella, Madge Kincart, Eileen Finnegan, Eibhlin de Paor, Maire Ni Bhroin, Brighid Ni Cheallachain,

Maire Nic Eoghain, Nuala Ni Chathain, Lena Kinsella, Roisin Nic Sheaghain, Margaret O'Connor, Una Hughes, Nellie Walsh, Eibhlin Ni Chaodhla, Maire Carroll, Eileen McParland. A hearty welcome to each and every one of this fine band of girls, and a thousand thanks for the nice letters they have written me. In one of the most beautiful letters I have received for many a day my dear friend Rita Carlos pays a tribute to several of her fellow-writers in the Guild, and writes specially of Lilian Nally as follows:—" I have noted how the young Poet-Laureate of the Guild has added fresh laurels to her snowy brow, and I often wonder does Lilian realise now and then what a great source of pleasure her talents are to us who can never hope to reach the heights on which she stands triumphant; and if she does I know that her knowledge of that power cannot change her from the gentle and unaffected girl I have always imagined her to be since first I placed her, many years ago, amongst the dearest of my unknown acquaintances." The other people mentioned by Rita, are Eilis Ni Riain, Hannie Ward and Ada O'Neill. But what of herself and of Nina? Have they not shed many a bright ray of sunshine on the pages of the Guild and given pleasure again and again to all of us? Indeed, the list of those who have done so would be a very long one. I was delighted to hear again from George A. England and to learn that he is as much in love with the Guild as he used to be. My ever-faithful friend, B. M. O'Neill, has written me no less than three letters, to make up for all the weeks of silence. She is a hard worker and I am glad to see contributions from her pen in several magazines. Success to her always and to all who have ever planted a flower in the garden of the Guild. Her poem is not quite up to the usual level of her work, but I am keeping it by me in the hope of being able to find space for it later. Do scriobh Nina Carluis liter ana dheas in Gaedhilg chugham agus bhi athas an domhain orm i fhail. Gura fada buan i] Another promising Gael is Eilis Ni Mhaoileoin, who is working hard at Irish these times and hopes to be a perfect Irish girl before another year has passed. Success to all who are striving to gain a knowledge of the language God meant them to speak. Writes our old friend, Ada O'Neill:-At last, my dear Francis, you have emerged from the land of shades. I had begun to fear that some terrible bogey (of whom we once stood so much in awe) had spirited you away to his mysterious domain. You can therfeore imagine my relief when I again found you basking in the glad sunshine of the Guild. . . Sunshine have we in the Guild but not in the world, I am forced to say. Already the chill breath of Winter has touched us—that unmistakeable something in the air which tells us that the golden days are gone and warns us of the grey, dreary months before us. The dull, heavy clouds too tend to strengthen this warning although the trees are still rich in their verdant burdens. This autumn I shall not witness the reddening of the leaves. I shall not be able to bid them farewell when, glorious in the mellow colourings of their dresses, they shall flutter down so gently to kiss Mother Earth for, Francis, I shall very, very shortly leave the familiar country-side to take up my abode nearer to that illusive person whom I am now addressing. Ada is now in Carysfort Training College and it is my sincere wish that she may be as happy and as popular there as she has been in her beloved Drogheda. And I trust she will not forget us in the new associations of college life. Nellie Jennings is a new member from Mayo, and it is with pleasure I place her name on the roll of my friends. I'm sure she will do her best to spread the fame of the Guild. Seosaimhin Nic Chathmhaoil should not blame poor old Francis because the person who sends out the prizes made a mistake Francis only awards the prizes, and there his connection with them ends. I draw the attention of Eibhlin Ni Chuana to this reply. I am forwarding her letter to the Manager. Many thanks to John, Bertie and Denis Fogarty for their nice letters and to the many other members who sent messages of congratulation on the reappearance of the Guild. I am sorry I have not space for a beautiful poem by Rita Carlos.

Twilight and Dark.

Down along the purple mountains, down the weather-beaten track Comes a whisper thro' the gloaming, Cease the white waves in their foaming, There's a little boat a-gathering of the wet sea-wrack, And the sun's a-tumbling down the little golden-dusted track To the angels in their house of woolly clouds.

Comes a sound upon the brown wind, strangely sad and strangely low, Long the little road of thinking, And this music sets me sinking Down along the ages, fraught with joy and woe, And the angels soft are singing songs the fairies hear below

Long, ah! long my mind was wandering where the mist of memory falls, When, thro' all the evening splendour, Notes nor harp, nor lute could render In a world of fading pleasure, came from out those cloudy halls,

Where the little moon had just begun to fling her starry balls

To the sun within their house of woolly clouds.

In a line of light along the Milky Way.

Out beyond the ocean-waters, far above the deep Moy Nell, Saw I writ in letters golden— "Thine is time!"—that maxim olden— Came a cloak of darksome night all over hill and dell, And my mind and heart were flowing o'er with joy I ne'er could tell, And the angels whispered on the Milky Way.

Nina Carlos.

Our Native Language.

"And shall the Bearla harsh and slow" Thy sweet tones banish from our isle? Thro' mystic mound and storied pile, "The winds of Erin thunder" No."

Our native language is a subject which writers from time to time have chosen to write about. It has been and is still being preached to us that it is the only way to secure freedom for our beloved country.

In the words of a great Irishman who loved his country and would have worked well in her cause had not death claimed him in the pride of life and manhood: "A country whose people have not a language of their own is only half a nation." Who can dispute the truth of this statement?

Our beautiful mother-tongue, so sweet and musical, so eloquently sad and mournful when the sufferings and wrongs of Eire are being told, so proudly

triumphant when describing her joys and victories!

History tells us that often when a battle seemed lost to our brave warriors, the Gaelic war-cry seemed to inspire them with fresh courage and vigour. Grasping their weapons the men would rush on their foes and a victory inevitably be the

It is clear that if we wish to serve Ireland, we must become speakers of our

native language.

It is awful to think that but for the efforts of the Gaelic League our language would have been lost and would have faded into the oblivion which has swallowed

up most of our ancient songs and traditions.

We should never cease to thank God for the mercy He has shown our country in leaving us our birthright. Nor should we forget those who worked so untiringly to rescue the best and most certain proof of Ireland's claim to nationality. We pray that God may bless them for the work they have done for our country, and may grant that soon again the hills of Erin will re-echo with our national songs that after ages of suffering and sorrow Roisin Dubh may stand once more triumphant before the world.

> "Tongue of the warrior and priest Long flourish thou among the Gael, Thy glorious accents never fail Till time and tide alike have ceased."

> > Eilis Ni Mhaoil Eoin.

In Autumn Time

Out midst the glens and vales sublime; Far from all strife and care away; I love to dream many a dream Where drooping flowrets softly gleam In Autumn time.

1 love to roam o'er barren leas Where the whispering streamlets glide; And hear the sighs of the leafless trees In Autumn tide.

And list to the crooning rills In Autumn gray.

I love to dream throughout the hours Of Eire standing glad and gay; Her dear hands bright with freedom's flowers

> "Some Autumn Day." EILIS NI RISIN

IMPORTANT

(1) All newcomers will please write a personal note to Francis apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) Orders for copies of "The Cross" and all other business letters are to be addressed to the Manager.

THE AWARDS

1. A Prize has been awarded to Eilis Ni Mhaoileoin, 2 Sea View Terrace, Howth for her practical essay on "Our Native Language."

2. A prize has been awarded to Nina Carlos, Convent Terrace, Ballina, Co. Mayo, for her sweet poem "Twilight and Dark."

3. A prize has been awarded to John M. J. Fogarty, 12 College View Terrace, Millbourne Avenue, Drumcondra, Dublin, for a well-written little letter on

NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best original contribution in prose or verse.

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best letter on any subject.

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person to be the unaided and original work of the sender. They must have attached to them the coupon to be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family). They must be sent so as to reach the office of "The Cross" not later than October 14th. All letters to be addressed:—Francis, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount



COUPON

Blessed Gabriel's Guild

THE CROSS, OCT., 1919.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. bestows the Apostolic Benediction on The Cross and praises its work

The following is a translation of a letter addressed to the Editor of "THE CROSS" by His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State:—

> The Vatican, Secretariate of State of His Holiness March 9, 1918.

REVEREND FATHER,

The Sovereign Pontiff has received with pleasure the numbers of the monthly periodical—"THE CROSS" -which, collected into an elegant volume, you have piously presented at His Throne in token of your devout and filial homage, at the same time begging the Apostolic Blessing for the contributors to this excellent publication and for its readers.

I am happy to inform you that His Holiness, grateful for your pious tribute, has been pleased to grant with paternal charity the blessing you request, so that the periodical continuing with increasing zeal its salutary apostolate in the bosom of Christian families may rescue from shipwreck ever increasing numbers of the brethren and may bind them indissolubly to the Cross of Christ, the sole plank of salvation and of life, the symbol of peace, and the source of all true civil progress.

In conveying to your Reverence these gracious sentiments of the Pontiff, I have pleasure in subscribing myself,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

P. CARD. GASPARI